

# THE NEW WORLD,

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POPULAR LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MUSIC AND THE ARTS,

CONTAINING

THE NEWEST WORKS BY CELEBRATED AUTHORS, SERMONS BY EMINENT DIVINES,  
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED TALES AND POETRY, &c., &c.

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"No pent-up Africa contracts our powers,  
The whole unbanded continent is ours."

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PARK BENJAMIN, EDITOR.

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Affection, when in the welcome light!  
Would that we ever had on thy fair banks,  
Beloved Tigris, been laid livel! For, spite  
More barbarous usage, my fond father vowed  
His offspring untransplanted should around  
Him bloom, strangers alike to all  
And shame. Vain was his oath—the evil eye  
Fell on us—how or where the Sultan saw,  
Or otherwise fixed on me, I wonder still.  
His stately vizier, to my father sent;  
A noble price was offered—all in vain.  
I wept and prayed—my mother mourned and sobbed;  
My father's heart was broken in a sick fit;  
Resistance was to war with thunderbolts.  
Or with unnumbered bosoms tempt their hate:  
They took away my humble robe, they decked  
Me in this gaudier garb: amid her tears,  
Fondly my mother smiled to see me thus  
Arrayed—but my poor father shook his head.  
And wistful scans of my slender dress and sighed;  
While from his parched and burning lid, the tear,  
Those glowing eyes, wide-open, found no way.  
Then came the dreadful hour—the parting hour!  
Oh! 't was a fable all, that hearts can break!  
Ere were they parted that fearful instant river!  
On face of me, as on a flag—how cold  
Upon Gulsara to force them out!  
My infant sister's love my father strained  
Me long and piteously my mother, wild  
With woe, with streaming eyes, on bended knee,  
Implored the transient sight of an hour!  
Rudely they tore me from her twining arms,  
By force unclasped—but oh! I see her now,  
As, from the arch embroidered draperies  
Of that gay arbab, I looked my last,  
And saw her, stone-like, stand, with arms wide stretch'd,  
White lips—eyes from their sockets starting out:  
And, when the sound of distance, like death's pall,  
Had veiled me from her sight—the shriek that burst—  
My mother's shriek!—to now it rings, to mad  
Mine ear—and stuns and every myriads sound  
Of comfort, which but wastes the breath it spends!

ZUL. No more, I pray! thy words are spells that raise  
A phantasm from the too long hushed and dead;  
And ruthless memory haunts me with a grief  
Outwielding thine—no, no, no motherless!  
On her, first-loved and truest loving, I  
Have gazed when she gave back no answering glance!  
We will not think of this—once more I say  
You know not the dear parent still mine own.  
GUL. Would that I never had known—his cruelty—  
ZUL. (Interpreting her with dignity.) Ah is my father!  
pause—let that restrain  
Your blind reproach.

GUL. He is, and to have been  
Thy father, should have been earth's noblest, best,  
By every high and lovely virtue grand,  
Which sits on you as 'twere an heritage  
But were he such, or greater, (could there be  
More great,) my reverence, of my gratitude  
He might command—but never weaken love.  
ZUL. There 's cause for this! I see it now; you love  
Some other 's 't is not so!  
GUL. (aside.) What have I said!  
ZUL. Blushes, they say, like crimson-tinted clouds,  
Proclaim the God they veil—divined I right!  
GUL. I say you did me not reply.

ZUL. I must,  
Not prompted by no whim or light caprice.  
Speak, then, and freely, maiden; I attend.  
GUL. (aside.) Those laughing tongue! how shall I tutor thee  
Aloof to utter what this shrinking heart  
Is whispering to conceal! why, 't is no shame!  
Zulrika, yes; there was—there is—no more—  
Thus bears the name of kindred—whom—

ZUL. Then let's!  
To hear the tale be ours: thou lovest, and whom!  
GUL. When 't is the question I still ask myself.  
By whose chance, of purpose sure,  
As destiny's voice, we met the evening fall,  
When farther from our cot than prudence urged  
Or was my wont, I wandered—sudden from  
Th' adjacent wood a fierce young Arab rushed:  
From his rude grasp, with terror impotent  
A harkman rescued me. I know not why  
So often turned my thoughts that night to his  
Protecting arm and reassuring voice;  
But, when the memory of my fear arose,  
Frenziedly a joy broke in that chased its gloom,  
As, brightly pictured in my dream, that face,  
Like garden's saint, watched o'er me still. Next morn,  
While herbs and flowers on neighboring hills I sought,  
My thoughts were roused, where, I scarcely knew,  
When lo!—I raised mine eyes—their object stood  
Before me. Ask me not—I were careless  
To paint the mystic weavings of the chain,  
... breathe how love more closely knit our hearts.  
Day after day passed on, and still he came;  
More joyful came, new meeting, and more sad  
When warned the setting sun that we must part.  
He was not young, but in that mellow prime  
That hath of softness more, more tender—  
Mingling with his youth's fire; yet would not  
Have changed the softening snow upon his brow  
For manhood's justest lock; and all that night  
Have others mused, were but new charms in him.  
'T was while we were noting, where, I scarcely knew,  
The Sultan's mandate came; in dainty haste,  
I sought our old accustomed resting place,  
But hushed came not—hours wore on, but brought  
Not him; the morrow rose—he tarried still;  
Another sun must under us for ever!  
Again I stole despairing forth to look  
Upon that aged tree, whose murmuring leaves  
Seemed echoing back the vows which they had heard;  
Hopeless upon the earth I flung myself,  
But started up as round a gentle arm  
Around me—Hush! 't was, 'twas his self!  
The spot seemed—but a fearful vision; this  
The joyful truth—the future's menace—  
And latest fears, and present grief, absorbed

In that sweet moment's transport! but, ah!  
Cruel, when kindness most could cheer! for looks  
All warmth and words all love, reproaches met  
My startled ear, reproaches for my joy!  
The Sultan's splendor dazzled me, he said;  
I willing went to grace my gilded cage;  
He was forgot! The flash of joy, the last  
This heart can ever give forth, was quenched at once.  
As lurid lightning leaves the sky more dark,  
My shadow from its momentary bliss  
More deeply sad; but soon he to my vows  
Gave ear, but banished transitory frowns, and soothed  
Me with bright promises that we should meet.  
Should blissful meet again—bade me believe;  
Sware that I still should be his bride, and left  
Me suddenly, confused by words so strange,  
But filled with hope. Bewildered hope! thou shalt  
A false mirage to cheat my thirsting soul.  
The morrow came, but Hush!—Hush! where  
Was he? And where his oath! My tale is done,  
Or needs no finishing—behold me here!

ZUL. Would that I were longer, but less sad, and yet  
What's saddest, oh, most charms the happy ear.  
How strangely now, how thrilling must have been  
The passion that ingulfed all other love!  
How close in these walls, with eyes that never gazed  
On face of man except my wife's, yet have  
The books that his indignant glances met,  
Mirrored so well the ecstasy of hearts. (changed.)  
That linked 'till death, loved on through life un-  
I almost wept that I had never known  
To love!

GUL. Ask not the fatal knowledge—Love!  
The bright-headed serpent, luring but to sting;  
Who for each fancied rapture he imparts  
Extorts th' alloy of agonies too real.  
(Oh! rather pray thy breast may never wake  
To deeper feelings—you are happy! Not  
The wild felicity with passion wed—  
To hurricane, or sea, when most fortunate,  
Of anger, fear, of jealousy, revenge;  
The worms, all torments and rage, that mix  
With its delicious bliss—but calm content  
Of innocence is yours.) It were to bid  
The placid stream, that smoothly bears your bark,  
Swirl into danger-crested billows, with  
The stars in combat, but to ask such change.

[A noise heard behind the scenes.]  
AMU. (from behind.) Stand back, ye saucy slaves! not  
be disturbed!

When did my sister with disturbs elude  
Her Amurath! stand back, and let me pass.  
[Enter AMURATH, who springs into the arms of ZULRIKA.]  
Good morn! sweet sister mine: three sorry slaves  
Would fain have had thy entrance—say, I vex  
You not!

GUL. (who appears moved while the boys speak.) That voice!  
ZUL. (receiving his embrace.) Nor could my Amurath  
GUL. (aside.) Surely that face hath met mine eye before.  
Those tones mine ear; 't is like some faded dream,  
That leaves a shadow misty, undefined,  
For memory to prey upon that brow—  
Those speaking eyes—I've seen—and yet not so.  
AMU. Still, it irks me much that our dear sister  
Still tarries from his home: sure his return  
Must glad us soon, will 't not!

ZUL. We can but hope.  
GUL. (half aside.) For my despair!  
AMU. 'T is whispered in the harem house our sire  
Such loathing hath; now, by his beard, if 't be  
We shall not (as they suggest) vainly woo  
Her love; for, were 't in courtesy alone,  
She can but yield that rightful payment, due  
The debt of our's.

GUL. Young courtier, thanks! that not  
To love, unless with adamantine gates  
My heart were barred, I scarce could dare to hope.  
FAT. (who has gradually approached.) Then lovest thou that  
which must destroy thy hopes.

GUL. (dropping the hand of AMURATH.) And now!  
FAT. In loving him who banishes  
The hope, combined in every breast that swells  
his wretched pulses 'neath the harem's dome,  
Sultan of that mirror world to reign;  
For Sultan Suliman hath oft a sworn  
While younger boy, but Roxalana's child,  
His sceptre's heir and sole overlord lived,  
He never bride amongst all his harem flowers  
Would choose, that so new on legitimate  
Might pluck the crescent from his favored brow,  
Or, struggling for the coveted diadem,  
Disunion in the peaceful harem wake.  
GUL. Oh! were but that the only barrier  
To my desires! no, credit me, what bars  
May block the pathway to my hopes, the boy  
Shall never be one.

FAT. (aside.) Shall not 't be passing strange—  
Look then her eagle eyes upon the son!

Enter KATIRKA.  
KAT. Princess! Atraha, wife of Moustapha,  
Our noble Sultan's faithful & herman,  
Bids that the laurel of your countenance,  
On her, and on her lowly offspring fall.  
ZUL. Atraha here again! 't is not three days  
Since of some precious trifle late she begged  
Our pleased acceptance. I remember not  
That to my father or myself she owes  
These testimonies: this indeed is love  
Unthought—free entrance to the faithful give!

[Enter KATIRKA, who returns with ATRAHA, bearing a basket of shells tastefully arranged with moss; she turns to ZULRIKA, behind whose couch KATIRKA places herself, folding her arms upon her breast.]

AVE. Daughter of Persia! humbly at your feet  
This loveliest offering of the bounteous wave,  
Though poor at such an altar, I present—  
And pray your favor's gracious evidence,  
By its reception, to your slave be shown.

ZUL. (looking on the precious shell.) You are not chary  
of your tokens—nor

Shall we, by your example tutored, stint  
Our just reward.

[After examining the shells with AMURATH, the latter passes them to KATIRKA, who remains holding the basket.]

AVE. (raising and making an inclination of thanks.)  
[Aside.] Ah! did she but divine  
What just reward I asked! The boy is there;  
Again shall disappointment balk my hopes?  
Still shall I seek, and seek in vain! No—though  
The search were lengthened to eternity,  
Alone my life in yielding, I relinquish thee,  
Thou sweet past-out of stern Revenge!

GUL. (Atraha, coming forward.) This morn  
The perfumed wind that through my lattice blew,  
With income, breathing blossoms of the harem  
Was laden, and I looked upon a glow  
Where rainbow-gleamed lips shone in the sun,  
And songsters, clad in humber garb, poured forth  
Their melody sweet; while murmuring bees,  
That vocal with their plaintive music made  
The wind, seemed whispering of my father's house.  
Your kind permission, Princess, let me beg  
To unattended wander in these woods;  
There is a balm in Solitude and Nature,  
Whose boasted virtue I would willing test.

ZUL. Our pleasures bound we not so strictly.  
As to exclude these spots, by farishing  
From your past state, in captive holding you.  
[GULIARSA bends in acknowledgment, and is preparing to depart.]

AMU. Dear sister, give me leave; [taking GULIARSA—  
Come.] I will with you. [which—  
GUL. And, then; there 's something in that suit—  
Which I—say, this is madness—phrensy—I'll  
Not thank you for. Let us together forth.

[Enter GULIARSA, leading AMURATH.]  
AVE. (aside.) Alas! is great! Unloved, unlooked for joy!  
He goes with her, and she alone! At last  
Vengeance indeed is mine! I knew 't would come;  
I have not wait—nor waiting waited—  
For chance to baffle me—Revenge! he! he!  
[Exit on the opposite side.]

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—A grove attached to the gardens of the palace—  
a fountain in the midst. Enter GULIARSA and AMURATH  
promising.

AMU. Why look you still so sad? while through my veins  
The soft and vivifying breath of spring  
Imparts the operative blood to glacial darts;  
And hurls my spirits up, till most they seem  
To mock at your's—why are you still weighed down  
By heaviness—or more oppressive thought!

GUL. Your spring of life, most favored Amurath,  
Hath brought the happier spring of happiness;  
Mine, of the verdure of content hath robbed  
My pain, and left the winter's barren frost  
And chilling gloom within my heart.

[ATRASHA stands in and enters herself behind the fountain.]

AMU. I would  
I were magician now, that I might see  
Mine art to see thee smile. I'd part with some  
Dear pleasure of mine own to give it thee.

AVE. (aside.) Spendthrift! cherish more charitably  
Who says thou 't not be bankrupt soon?

GUL. But I  
So generous of my poor possessions, would  
Not be—not to thy blissful home—transfer  
The sole exchange I have, my burdening load  
Of grief.

AMU. And if thou would'st, I scarce can think  
They'd weigh so heavily as does this cloak  
To-day, that more oppresses me, and clings  
My feet, and checks my panting breath, than e'er  
Did sorrowing yet.

GUL. Let me relieve thee of 't;  
Unburthened be that shoulder! let the load  
That a stout bear will gather but not drop.

AVE. (aside.) Heed him well, boy; there speaks  
Prophecy's voice!

GUL. Were I of the three storied Sates but one,  
Should ponder calm and cloudless firmament  
The emblem of thy glorious destiny be!  
AVE. (aside.) Were such thine office should'st thou not  
With my arrow; for I the darkened throat  
Would weave, and to thy sunny sky bring cloud.  
Else were the blackness of mine own unpaid.  
I would that she were hence! how swift they fly  
Those precious moments. They must reap  
What would I do! I tremble at myself.  
Tremble! if there be trembling it must be  
The Sultan looking thus trembles and

At me! Look now, our young Prince; I bid  
Them swift.

[Runs out, and in a hurried voice calls loudly behind.]  
AVE. Gulsara, haste! Gulsara, haste

GUL. You not?  
AMU. Who call'st? What voice is that? Again!

AVE. (from behind.) Gulsara, instant to the palace haste!  
Zulrika summons, and impatient waits.

GUL. Adieu, dear Amurath. I must away;  
One kiss. Adieu. [Exit hastily.]

AMU. Stay, stay! I follow thee.  
[As he is following, ATRASHA runs in from the other side and enters him.]

AVE. You follow me? Mine, mine at last! he! he!  
ZUL. Woman! what mean you by this frantic jest!

Let loose your hold! You must with me!  
AMU. With you!

AMU. And wherefore? Know you who I am? Woman!  
It is the Sultan's son you dare profane  
By such rude grasp.

AVE. "The Sultan's son!" I do  
Upon the sound—the Sultan's son is mine!  
Those words have nerve my hand with double strength.

AMU. You rave—away—let loose my arm—begone!  
AVE. Yes, I am quickly gone, and thus with me  
I have no time for detail, to make



The mare seem pleasant round the tangled bird.  
I am no magpie, cheated of my prey  
Discouraging of its worth. We tarry not.

[*Answering to drag him out.*]

AMU. Mashaallah! she is mad! What shall I do?

Ye unseen guardians of the innocent

That people the pure air, protect me now!

[*To her.*] Forget you, then, this doubly sheltered grove

Close to the palace of my father's hands!

His slaves, surrounding every portal, wait

His cry of mine, like lightning to transform

The victim and the victor—me to rescue—you

To punishment consign. Must I now force

I warn you lower, ere 't be too late, your hold!

AVE. Oh, then, your words, and rest if gorged delight

Hath been for shrieking misery. Come on.

AMU. [*Struggling.*] Grief! Human! help! Zuleika! sister!

Alah, they come not! Hassan! help! oh, help!

AVE. There is no help. For months I have prepared

This hour—happened to see it come, far more

Than supposed! In vain I long for gleam of hand.

I am too mad—my grief hath tarred my brain—

And if it has, why, then, my father's light,

For thou art the revenge which soothe my grief:

And thou art mine. The sentinel that guards

My secret pathway to the shore, upon

Whose rugged bosom stands our cabin, is

My brother. The vile slave you call to aid,

On wilding draughts and dainties that I brought,

Are in the palace revelling. Believe it

Thou, now! Resist not—we must hence.

AMU. What would you with me? I have harmed you not.

AVE. Is this of whom you are a part; and you

Are but the vulnerable avenue

That guides my sure aim? Blow to him!

AMU. My father?

You do him strangely wrong: his name has been

Another name for goodness—pure his heart. [*Answering.*]

You turn unwittingly away—you'd drag

Me hence—what, to imbue those woman hands

In blood? to snatch a life but just begun,

And make your own far worse than thousands times

Expiring, racked by torturing remorse!

I wrong you with the thought. You will not do it!

Have pity—I'll be secret—they'll not know

What deed I now beseech you to forgive.

You yield—you will I do; and I am free!

[*As he is starting up to go out she detains him.*]

AVE. What mine own unhappy son that word,

Your lips shall to the sound be bound; but not

Till then.

AMU. You do not mean these menaces?

You'd fright me with a threat? You shall have all

You wish, and for all wishes granted, give,

Give but my ravished liberty. Sweet sister!

Sister? you cannot hear my voice! and you

Will call upon me when my ear is deaf.

Pity! [*Algun. knocking.*] In pity to Zuleika hear me!

Oh! she will do with you. You could not look

On those sweet eyes glazed o'er in lifelessness—

Those lips but late that spoke so gently, even

To you—their roses purpling, livid grown

At touch of death, that wails their tears for aye!

And the cause? [*Impatiently.*] Leave me to—must be

Yes, I must to my sister—Hassan! Sister!

AVE. Your crime, that harmless mirror the mocking air,

Tam'd with their echoing—powerless as some

Poor bird that 'gainst its wry prison beats

A mangled head. Your struggles can as soon

Unhinge the iron bars of calumny

That burrize my heart. Your prayers are wind,

Your tears salt drops on marble falling—cease,

We linger long: you must away.

[*Struggling to drag him out.*]

AMU. Not yet.

No help? Mercy! mercy! Zuleika! Oh,

My sister, hear your Amurath! Zuleika.

[*Exeunt.*]

## END OF ACT II.

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—THE CHAMBER OF ZULEIKA. ZULEIKA

in a convulsion attitude upon her couch; her head buried

in her hands as though in grief.—FATIMA bending over her.

FAT. Be comforted, dear Zuleika, give

Not way to such absorbing grief, he will

Be found—he will—he must.

ZUL. [*Linking up.*] Oh! that your words

Were prophecies, and entered in my soul

Like holy breathings of an oracle!

How shall I meet my father's angry sorrow?

How live to greet him with "I have no brother!"

Will he not speechless wish that tongue which strikes

His own with horror dumb? [*Perplexed by such*

Idlings, will he not then leave her, loath,

And shun as an odious odious thing? and thou,

Poor Amurath! thou shalt not now, or art

Beyond the pale of earthly anguish; I

Never see those frolic-beaming eyes,

Those earth-embellished lips—till years may

Be no rude sign profaned—that noble brow,

So like thy sister's? Impossible! there is

To sudden loss no soothing left; for shocked

Reality shrinks from her task to pain

How named are the shafts of woe; reserves,

Until we grow accustomed to the pang.

The slow withdrawal of her fearful veil.

I scarce can think this bolt, though 't crush me, real,

Though 't rankle, scarce believe my wound: last night

I heard his merry voice, and thought I felt

The horning pressure of his tiny hand,

And woke—to dread 't would never more grasp mine!

Oh! what an age of torment hath been compressed

In the short breathing space since yester morn!

When last he bounded jays from my sight!

FAT. Torment, indeed, that asks short space to sow

Its thorns; no diapause hath grief: one hour

Of contrivance that might embitter years;

But ere he conquer you, for combat arm

Strong Hope to vanquish him? Mad we come close,

However small, to trace his steps—

ZUL. Think you beneath affliction's pressure?

I have bowed me calmly down, and struggle not

Its weight to lighten? Orders for strict watch

Are given; their speedy forwarding in itself

Have aided; not one caution is forgot.

But 't is when that, which in the body's tail,

Bids the mind cease its torturing, is done

That we revert with double consciousness

Back to our most agonizing misery!

[*Enter KATISHA, with lady reverence, bearing a clock.*]

KAT. [*Surprised.*] I come, Sultana, from Ghazir, who—

ZUL. [*Starting up.*] My brother! quick—what news? Al-

lah be praised!

He is not found? You know not where he is?

KAT. A venom'd arrow galls your sorrowing slave,

Whose lips, unblest, must chafe those crowding lips.

We have but found this clock, which you well know,

And—in the chamber of the Persian slave!

ZUL. Ghazira! Heaven!

[*She drops the clock which she has taken from KATISHA.*]

KAT. Ghazira—and with her,

Slow watching in your favorite grove, the Prince

Who last beheld—about the hour of noon;

Who last descried the herring hurriedly

Along the corridor, replying not

To their loud inquiries—She came to me,

Feigning I summoned, and with troubled mien

Requested then permission to withdraw.

KAT. This clock gives strong suspicion of her guilt:

The Kissir Aga's orders have been given

That she be seized—

ZUL. Ghazira guilty? seized?

It cannot be! were ever so fair

A mask? It is beyond belief! And what

Could be her aim?

FAT. Prince, recall you not,

When lately I said young Amurath,

To all aspiring hearts, which wished for goal

Was Sultan's Sultana to become,

Stood barrier, her haughty answer was

He never should be barrier to her's!

Is this not then her executed threat?

ZUL. But her strange lady—her wretchedness—her love

For the unknown, expressing 'ry thought?

FAT. Even I, we himself doth meet a fearful foe

When high ambition fronts him in the field:

And who shall even vouch her story true?

She who were capable of this dread deed,

Were of all feigning and all artifice!

ZUL. Must I believe this horror? was I so

Deceived? Oh! that conviction struck me not!

Wouldst thou I henceforth trust? or when the stars

Look bright, shall I not picture them transformed

To burning brands to scathe thy adorning world?

[*GULZARA rushes in, and throws herself at the feet of ZULEIKA.*]

GUL. Prince—Zuleika! I have—protect thy slave!

The passive woman—what side art thou to fly

To?—what would they wish me?—whither would

They force me? what—what have I done!

ZUL. A deed

So dark my tongue revolts to give it breath,

And horror-struck credulity would glad

Refuse 't belief.

GUL. Oh! then believe 't not thou!

ZUL. Would that I still could say, I did not—oh!

Thou treacherous thing! impostor's base

Of those bright pictures of fraud that link

A Hour's face and serpent's form. Oh! like

The baleful 'emine,' which unheeds

In sweet buds to the sun, to poison 'em

The fresh air's breeze that promise its growth,

Thy venom hast thou thrown around her whom

Thy seeming moved to mislead thy let.

GUL. Of what am I accused?

ZUL. [*Accusingly.*] Thou playest well

The role of innocence, but we will aid

Thy memory, Ghazira, to recall.

Who yester morning in the lime grove strayed

Alone with my lost brother?

ZUL. [*Startled.*] Amurath?

ZUL. [*Aside.*] He! she is struck. Alas! it is too true.

[*to her.*] Who left that grave—for ever cursed retreat—

Without the boy, and hurried thence, and sign'd

I summoned, straying by pretended haste

Her guilty agitation? conceal

From questioning slaves—permitted to retire

Then playing, in her chamber barred, shut out

The kindly thing who'd cheer her solitude.

From that fell hour one image, gliding o'er

Our eyes, has met their longing gaze as 'ere—

But, mark me: in thy chamber, I conceived

This guilt-disclosing clock; its mantling folds

Hath shrunk from round the crime-stained form of her

Who last beheld its wearer. Have you heard?

You stand accused of—

GUL. Who, while Zuleika, a speaking, has slowly and in-

audently risen from her knees? Murder! Just Allah!

ZUL. [*Aside.*] Guilt overpowers her!

GUL. Oh, why gaze you thus

With such a'horring eyes upon me? 'T is

'T is false! Yourself you do not credit this;

My lips but chafe me to think you did;

'T is but some time-breathing sport; you, tis

Some mockery.

ZUL. The mockery 't is you,

That would insinuate our presence by this show

Of feeling—aping injured innocence.

Where is my brother? Answer to these!

If conscience leave thee power, and then to me?

GUL. [*Pause, during which she seems to be agitated to speak.*] Called I that wretchedness which wrong my

name?

When morn's unwelcome beam chased vision'd joys I

Deem'd I that misery, which was but grief,

Undarkened by dishonor's withering touch—

Unlinked with this most foul, polluting stain!

Murder! I dream; some nightmare of my brain

Permeates me; I sleep not!—I will not off—

Murder! Thou must! it not! Oh! couldst thou think

These hands, which were inured prebance to toil,

But taught to be more used to deeds of good,

Could close their sin on the dead's head?

Then, yes, which work and we have bent their gaze

To Allah's throne, nor shrunk from that dread end,

Which through our sinners we scan'd the innocent soul,

Could mark the writhing of the agonized frame,

The quiver of the black ring lip, before

The unwilling breath, struggling half-part to hold

Its breathless torment, depart? Then, yes,

So soon to listen to sweet consoling

Of good from parent lips, could he be unmoved

The cry, the choking prayer, the shuddering groan?

The heart, where, in the sacred care avail

Of youthful guardians, husband-idea of love?

Were virtue, piety, youth,—the first fruit seen;

Thou couldst yield forth such a poisoned cup

As to conceive this dark, unshadowed deed?

Am I wrong not me, so much as assure, who

Could not resist the power of passion?

ZUL. [*Aside.*] Can this be true? My heart convinced

Would warrant 'ev'ry word. I'll try her further.

Belink these well, Ghazira, and consider—

Know you the dangers for its silent wait?

Was spared—his life! They had not dared to shed  
An infant's blood! And what was now that life  
Without the joys that gave it worth? or mine  
When set the star that lighted it? I prayed  
For more: he sternly bade them lead me thence—  
My boy to prison—banishment—I know  
Not where—the flat had gone forth—unheeded  
My plumed rage; they bore him from my sight!

AMU. I cannot think for lasting punishment.  
This absence so prolonged—of care of war,  
Have from my father's altar I've traced your son.

AVE. Not him from mine: that hour I vowed revenge,  
And fixed mine eyes on you; through what is found.  
Again I sought the palace, but my way  
The scorching frown of revenge had quenched;  
Ever some trivial token bearing, I  
Forsworn seemed of which all else forgot.  
The Sultan's silence in this Persian war,  
My hidden purpose favored—of the grove,  
My brother being sent, through him  
I planned that deed to do what now is done!

AMU. And must my life be base-born peasant's paim  
Within these walls, as though no royal blood  
Swelled proudly in my veins?

AVE. These walls, perchance,  
Are paradise to those that echo now  
The groans of my lost boy.

AMU. You will not  
No cruel? True, your hapless son, my life  
Consigned to punishment; but 't was mine  
Misdeed, committed, though innocent. I earned  
You not; Zulrika never injured you;  
Yet strikes your point at the breast of both.  
Together will we wither, though apart;  
You could not bear to see me pine, and pine—  
Day after day grow pallid by your side—  
And, as the tree whose root some secret worm  
Attacks, thus slowly die—while your stretched arm  
Could pluck away destruction, and new life  
Restore; then give me back my liberty!

AVE. [said.] He wrings me to the soul; an infant's tongue  
Once more within these walls! I wonder not  
It moves me—could I could I—get her hence  
Thou woman's weakness; to thy pining woe  
Mine ears are deaf; then frightened conscience, back!  
Thou dost strike my purpose—almost now had shaken;  
But so, the image of my injured boy,  
Writhing in chains that wound his tender flesh,  
Rises reproachfully to blast my sight, [chance]  
And nerves me with the strength of—friends, per-  
And then the thought of Sultan's despair,  
It is too sweet—'s a chalice, filled with joys  
From his lips stolen—though I inhale  
With now, or, false as angels call revenge!  
I'll yield it not to pleading pity's prayer.

AMU. Ayasha! dear Ayasha!  
AVE. Not one word.  
I have already heard too much, beware!

AMU. No help then I no escape! here must I die!  
It may be—but not like the foolish here  
In fear expiring—now as struggle made  
For liberty—no effort—no to dry  
The flood that for me now is swelling, or  
To give it better cause to rise. [said, down.] I've heard  
My father say what cities' strength has failed  
To conquer, strong as must win; I think  
On this. [He pauses, during which time Ayasha sings.]  
Your boy—his father lives!

AVE. He does.  
AMU. But do this perchance star!  
AVE. On his cast net  
The sun hath twice its lengthening shadows thrown,  
And from his stay I eager be his met  
With some success; I hourly wait his boat.  
AY. [said.] I must myself or forge the key that opens  
My prison door, or perish for my lack  
Of skill. [Ponders awhile.] I have it. Well: it can  
but fail.

[Runs slowly from his seat, and approaches the window in the  
dark scene.]  
AVE. [sharply.] W. a would you?

AMU. Only will the laggard Time  
From his slow pace [said and archly.] by quickening  
my own!

[After looking out of the window intently a moment.]  
That boat; how swift it sails—it must be he!  
A man springs out. [AYASHA rises.] Ayasha! look—  
my now

AVE. He's hid behind you rocks. 'T is he! I go  
To greet him. rushes out.

AMU. I, to greet my liberty!  
I'm free! father thy intruding was a't! he!  
You drew leads to the secret path. That betr'd  
Behind me, ere the sunset foot could gain  
The palace by the common road, I shall  
Be safe within their shielding arms: rejoice  
My sister! father! I am you's again!

[Runs out as it is heard to toll the door behind him; after a  
moment AYASHA re-enters.]  
AVE. I saw your boat, not man: what meant you, boy?

[Looks round.] What gone! not here? Where art  
thou, Amurath?

AY. Alth protect me! he has fled. [Exit running—is heard  
to cry the door, and returns despairingly.]  
Dard's! hard's!  
Oh! simple head! outwitted by a child!  
A man's boy! I'm lost! too surely all  
is ill discovered—Death's cold arms are spread  
To clasp their victim—dead! to heed his words.  
Yet—he is happy! free! how can I mourn?  
I was not strong of purpose as I thought  
Myself. Already had Remorse dispatched  
My fair—die to! lacerate my breast.  
He's first—restored—this crime will haunt me not;  
I can but share the prison of my boy,  
Or in a darker close my weary eyes,  
Where shall no vision of his misery rack  
My sleep. They shall not drag me hence. I have  
Deserv'd; and bravely will I meet my fate!

[As he is going, stops, and turns slowly round.]  
Farewell! my little but—what is 't to me,  
I never shall behold you more! for ah!  
He that so jocular used your rustic walk  
Hath bade them long adieu—thou 't shelter now,  
'T is true, a children, and a wifely master.  
But since this deed hath darkened all my soul,  
It would but tarnish his pure love. Farewell! [Exit.]

SCENE II. .... A dangerous night—GULIKARA on a pallet of  
straw—long barning.]

GUL. Thus potent was Night: how terrible  
Thou art! the shadow of thy madd'd woe  
The direct deeds, but caprices shades to strike  
Their guilty door with a pale fear!  
He here in three 't's accomplishment of his crime;  
And when left'd memory would sleep, thou art  
The grim Persianian valiant to set out,  
That godless conscience with 't's excitement dreads,  
Of horrors thou conversest! The glowing beam  
Of daylight brings thy shining opiate, charmed  
Forgetfulness—Not Night—why think on this?  
Can Night bedim the brow of innocence?

And yet these awe-inspiring walls, [rising] that people  
With shadowy forms and grotesque images  
My solitude—the desert silence—all  
Appal and f-right me; but 't is only fear!  
Who, though the want to wear thick garments, is  
With conscience—warring stings not armed for me.  
The doom of crime, not its transience, is mine,  
Its doom indeed—the fearful trial waits!  
Nereless they lead me forth, shivering, unweild!  
Before the law, reviling through I stand;  
My lips with shame and fear together cling:  
My elevating tongue dreads me attract—hark!  
The muffled shout of 'guilty,' breakfasts trace!  
They near—the frightful examinations—  
The howling light as round my struggling neck:  
But no, not that—'t is not the mortal pang  
I tremble to await—mine—'t is but 't

This dreadful blow, mine step, will strike through me  
To enter break—'t is that they must writhe  
In anguish far beyond the agonies  
I fear. Another! I know thus will not live  
To sorrow over my child's dishonor! Father!  
This arrow in thy side, that may not kill,  
Will grow at every step; then thought's it so  
When, carved and carved, I mournful left  
Thine humble roof—but oh! what earthly sound  
Will compass now thy still ring, when thou know'st  
Thy daughter's system none dealt with crime!  
That crime atoned by ignominious death?  
Heaven! will they believe 't's account? No!  
Their honest hearts will spin the base deceit!  
But this foul stain will endless cleave to them,  
As the world's brand that sears the guilty brow;  
And ever a target for scorn's branded bow:  
Oh! gentle Father, turn me to base  
These dire accusations! The dark  
Futurity is shrouded from my view,  
But, the high mission from above that rules  
My mystery, cannot err—and to its will  
I yield me now.

[Stops again on her pallet, and compares herself as though to  
sleep—the drawing of a bolt heard from without.]

No sound! the bolt draws back—  
It is my savage jailer comes to lead  
Me to the dreaded block—'t is that this  
Foul air were not so clogged—that I could breathe  
More free. Alas! that very breath I soon [comes]  
May cease to draw. What system it! [starts up.] He  
I am prepared—

Enter ZULRIKA.  
GUL. GULIKARA!

GUL. [who at first goes to look round, but starts at the sound  
and rushes forward.] Zulrika! [clinging, ac-  
cusing.] Come you to comfort or upbraid? Not either.  
Rejoice your errand—since to comfort, you  
Must want the power, and to upbraid do lack  
The cause—

ZUL. I come for neither, but to pray,  
To bid Gulikara to awake—what shall  
I say? the madness that gave birth to this  
Most monstrous crime.

GUL. I've heard it is their want,  
In lands where tyrants reign and men are tremble,  
On wheels to break, or torture on the rack,  
The hapless confusion—'t is the cruel's woe  
Green from confusion of black deeds he never  
Committed. Pardon me: you so lately come  
The executioner, to bid it?

ZUL. Shall prove as weak? I pardon you the tenant—  
Despise conviction, reason, everything.  
I can at think you guilty to this last  
Degree—not, not of murder.

GUL. Speak that word  
Again! It is the Heaven-sent Nectar drop  
Curing the plague upon my wretched people:  
Oh! I am innocent—you own it! There  
He was, when doomed Gulikara breathes no more,  
And the dread story of her guilt is told  
In loathing—no, who will proclaim the tale  
is false. You trust me!

ZUL. I am a heartless live  
Mistrusting as my ceases would approve  
If I did not—

GUL. This is the howling but  
The bar that draws to open Paradise!  
I do not ask 't to life. What is 't to die?  
W. about the stain that made death terrible?  
'T is but 't endure a passing pain—to feel  
The last cold quiver of the limbs—then sink  
To rest, that fear and care no more disturb.  
They, who have suffered in the soul, shall own  
That transient pain a jest, to agonies  
The spirit must endure. One ban I crave:  
When ruthless slaves have done their duty—when  
In bloody rackets gaze the starting eyes,  
And the last stifling sigh is choked, ere 't escape—

[The door is supposed to fall from heaven, on Gulikara's  
and to leave the power of saving those afflicted with the pathos.

When nothing remains, awaken, shall result  
The freezing cold with every rind,  
Oh! so thou hast to cross At-Sat's height,  
With feet unsheltered, pavement me, Zulrika!  
My aged parents from thy hand shall know  
I pardoned innocent, as when they last  
Called down a blessing on their guileless child!

ZUL. Think not of this; all shall be well with thee;  
But my poor Amurath?

GUL. 'T was in the grove  
We parted, nor have I beheld him since.  
ZUL. He! he! you then?

GUL. Rather I fled from him,  
Warned by a distant voice to haste to you.  
ZUL. He followed not?

GUL. Not as I think. This is  
Some plot; 't is very strange, [musing] it shall be  
solved!

GUL. And happily, grant Gulikara! but if  
For me too late, remember, from my heart.

ZUL. Too late it will not be. How will I plead  
With my loved father, and—

GUL. Did we not hope;  
Think not the Sultan can be pacified  
By words. The wrath of power shakes itself  
In blood alone; and cold, shrinks from the fount  
That quenches its burning. When my lips are mute  
Thine may awake a sigh—but will not move.

ZUL. Then weaker than the weak slave's, that makes  
't weep for him, they're grown. My father's name  
Hath planted terror in the bosoms of  
Yet have I seen his cheek grow white, and eyes  
dim, at his cry of furious woe!  
And even now he will look sorrowed on red  
Feet not; I know that thou art guileless, and  
Will risk my life to shield thee. Name, what?

GUL. Alas, Zulrika! It doth well between  
Such griefs: purity as thine to cause  
Dispensing peace—and beauty, in the soft  
And mellowing light of virtue's gleaming sun,  
Shining more beautiful! Here at thy feet  
I breathe my beggar thanks; thou need'st them not  
Were night of scriptive mine, how pay my vow?  
To tender thee reward. Thy recompense  
Hath been to taste the sweets of that first joy  
By nature—ay, by Heaven itself, loved best,  
The ecstasy of making others bleed!

[ZULRIKA remains kneeling as ZULRIKA calls  
END OF ACT IV.]

ACT V.  
SCENE I. .... Night. The grove brilliantly illuminated. Enter  
ZULRIKA and AYASHA, leaving behind of flowers.

AYASHA. This spot will but increase your grief; why bid  
In shade be lighted, like a festive hour,  
When springs from hence the mist that clouds your path?  
Let me away, Zulrika, dearest! I  
Would try the magic of my tale; but here  
'T were powerless. [Gravely attempting to lead her away.]  
ZUL. No, if thou wilt; but me  
'T will woe to wander here, when Fancy speaks  
Her magic wing, and wails my brother's name.  
To haunt my spot with woe, even then the late  
Moon sets. As flowers o'er the loved one's grave  
Alas! the hand, a mournful tribute, news—  
We will we converse the hallowed earth  
That bore his foot-prints last. [They strew the flowers.]  
The very deed

With his sweet breath is resonant, and still  
My heart with gladness strange and undimmed—  
A pleasure which by hours is made undimmed—  
Joy's breath—not himself—but comes he here  
Preened! I know Gulikara guides. Live  
He, then, my brother! 'Yes,' this heart replies;  
But doubts seal in—

AY. He Hope their banisher?  
Cherish the son of a chaotic world.  
When the dark future frights our waking eyes,  
Were 't not, kind Hope! for the fictitious light,  
That lingers half in Memory's dream, we're long  
For present death, or, ere the day to come,  
Which, enervated by Hope, to bravely meet  
Is to dream. You've not said full of, methinks,  
And truly, too, the grey-haired dardus  
Whom converse I so love, almost had made  
A minister of your fate.

Then to the moral that's drawn from these,  
Your late afflictions, lend a helpful ear!  
Clouds that to-day obscure the firmest sky,  
To-morrow give it loveliness to the eye:  
So shall Zulrika's grief, that great appeal,  
But fade, to make her joys restored more dear!

[A noise heard without, as of rejoicing, and the name of "AY-  
ASHA" frequently repeated.]

ZUL. What cry is that? It wells in joy, and—ha!  
This name! I Amurath! Amurath! again  
It rings. Oh! Father, my tottering feet  
Give way—I sink—hark!—now the sound is hushed!  
Far, [supposing her.] You tremble; be composed; shall  
happens

By her advancing shadow how to earth  
What woe's agonie grasp hath failed to crush?

AMU. [from behind.] What mean these lights? My sister's  
speech—my sister!

[He rushes to assist her, and, throwing himself into  
the arms of ZULRIKA.]

ZUL. He lives! he lives! He's here, brother—his—  
'T is he indeed! [Lifting him from her to look at him.]  
Sustain yourselves, ye eyes,  
Long fasting; feast ye now upon his face!

AMU. Sweet sister! he's Zulrika, once more your's,  
This transport kills your happy Amurath!

ZUL. Nay, thou hast been a weary deed to me,  
And welcome as ever, nestled within the grave,  
Uprisen from the tomb, art come. Where hast  
Thou been?

AMU. In sorrow equal to thine own,  
[He pauses, as if he had been one of the greatest war heroes  
of the 19th century, and to have gained many battles with only  
a sword, and yet to have been able to give up one of character to his  
military virtues, being conscious of his weakness and weakness.]



Could'st in most rustic cage; but I caged  
My jailer to myself gave liberty;  
And hence, through darkness—night—I scarce  
Knew how, unless some guardian spirit, moved  
By love of thee, guided my doubtful steps.

ZUL. And brought thee safe! What multitudes of thanks  
Shall crown the gates of Paradise for this!  
Where hast thou been? I Whom was the savage hand  
I could give thee gold, mine own, my Amurath?  
Oh! dearly shall they rue this hour—who was't?  
And how?

AMU. Above the secret path, when fled  
Gulnara at your feet, Aysha bore—  
ZUL. Not Mustapha's fair-featured wife? the slave  
Whom Sultan's love, lower would enrich?  
Oh! seeming, seeming, what a cheat thou art!  
While triumphs base Aysha in her crime,  
Gulnara in the loathsome vault enshrouded  
Makes us, in our supposed sympathy,  
Tyrants and blinded foes of outward show!

AMU. Gulnara's dungeon'd! sister, mean you that?  
The gentle Persian? you permitted this?  
Speed, speed, to burst her shameful bonds, myself  
I will entreat her pardon for this wrong. [Exeunt.]

ZUL. Stay, greedy brother mine, I beg you! I share  
Thy capture, looking in the light of her's,  
Say not I ask too much! Kaunka wait—  
To lead her further— [claps her hands.]

[Enter KATINKA.]  
Free the youthful Persian,  
And to our presence guide her speedily;  
Did not her grief, but give not voice the joy  
That waits her when she here before us stands.

[Enter KATINKA.]  
AMU. How could suspicion light on her? Alas!  
ZUL. 'T was her own confusion prompted her the deed.  
She was late warned when told the Sultan's heir  
Must Sulaiman be still Sultan; and  
Sudden you disappeared—this terrible clank  
Was in her chamber found. Wandering alone  
With her the household slaves behind you last:  
Chance was her eliminator and not we.  
The future shall efface the past—but then,  
Art thou indeed restored, my Amurath?  
Can I believe it is no dream that gives  
Thee to my longing eyes!

AMU. If 't is, we'll sleep  
For aye, and mingle with the waking world  
No more.

[Enter KATINKA.]  
KAT. Princess the robes, but with no smile  
Dimpling her pallid cheek.

FAT. [To AMU and ZUL.] Your presence may  
Too suddenly surprise her—joy hath killed  
What grief but gave a deeper sense of being.  
As though death's angel came to snatch the soul  
In bliss—but fickle slanders its hour of woe:  
I pray you then withdraw awhile!

AMU. [complacently.] My thanks  
Good lady! (Hark!) your prescription suits  
Me ill; do not see the transport that my flight,  
(Which was not of the easiest), helped to cause?  
Nay shake not thus the supine head—I must  
Remount, once your potion is too large,  
We'll halve it, for your love. It shall be so:  
He will surely obey—but she not more.  
At least not while I rest restrain myself.

[Enter GULNARA, dejectedly.]  
ZUL. Ever so unworldly yet, Gulnara! I  
Had hoped the converse of to-night dispelled  
Your gloom.

GUL. Not so unworldly, but with thoughts upturned  
To where they may be soon for ever fixed?  
ZUL. You are oppressed, but quick upon the heels  
Of grief to catch appears to chase her back.  
And said I not Gulnara—aye, this night—  
I have your innocence?

GUL. My protestations, and I thank you for't!  
ZUL. I know the more—I know them to be true!  
GUL. [signifying.] You have no proof? The Prince—your  
brother— [Phonetic sound]

AMU. [Heaving in her arms.]—Here, dear Gulnara, and pre-  
pare your innocence?

GUL. Oh! holy prophet! I  
Had scarcely dared to pray for this. Unhappy!  
Safe, art thou, angel boy? O, father! mother!  
Lift up your heads: again! And awe come, Death,  
Near as before—I fear thee not. Now, if  
I yield as yours, 't is not in glooming!

AMU. First shall a life of happiness atone  
For all the ill we have occasioned you!

GUL. [gazing at him.] Again that tone! How thrills it  
Through my soul!

As softening love, familiar to these ears?  
The song, whose words forgot, haunts with its air?  
Was ever love so moulded so seemingly  
Like his? Or, is it that these eyes so oft  
Have wept to view that face once more, they find  
A vision's semblance in all lowliness?

[Enter KATINKA.]  
KAT. Aysha to your gracious presence pays  
Adieu. Princes, shall we entrance give?

ZUL. Unsummoned comes she then? Kaunka bid her quit  
Discovered, direct punishment awaits  
Her perpetrator! Lead her hither. [Exit KATINKA.]

AMU. Sister,  
I pity her—in sooth I do,—and she  
Hath heavy grief endured.

ZUL. And heavier would  
Give thee, my dear-er brother? Pardonless  
The hand that smothered thee one mine's pain?  
Your pity you but waste. I shall not mine.

[Enter KATINKA, followed by AYSHA, who leads to ZUL-  
KINA, as in confusion, her head bent down and her hands  
folded on her breast.]  
Come you within the lion's den to tempt  
His wrath? Your guilt has been already told,  
And carries not its retribution just.

AYE. Great is the Sultan! Where should I conceal  
This faded head to scape his anger? but  
I do beseech you hear what sorrows I hold  
Me to this phantasmal deed. I had not strength,  
If I have chance, to give my will its  
Wished-for execution. Ere he 'scape  
I wavered—shrank. His pleadings touched my heart.

ZUL. Hark you to that! With such mortal pains  
Writing that of others? You, who rubbers raised  
Over this offence, to bring the ruin arm  
Of violence? The thought, with a wild fire—  
Stranger till now—kindles my burning veins.  
Quick—take her hence. Within a duple no chained,  
Without an glimpse of that sun, whose far-  
Her crime pollutes—mutes for her guardians—and  
Her ear (deaf to my brother's pleadings), let  
No sound of human melody beguile.

AYE. Not yet! One instant grant?  
Not till you hear me? 'T was your sire, not I,  
Performed this deed. His cruelty granted to't.

ZUL. Would you wake mercy in the daughter's breast?  
Attaining, with malignant change, the father!  
Kindness in your earth were cruelty,  
And fostering the earth, Vice, to bar-  
Earth's enemies bowers to its fang—begone!

AYE. Judge me not harshly!  
ZUL. Not by me, with thou  
Be judged—but hope no leniency—enough!  
AMU. Yet hear her, sister, only hear her tale.

AYE. You supplicate for her who injured? Shall  
The victim find a wounded cheer in shield?  
You cannot fault me as I hate myself.  
Hate what I am, but none what I have been.

[Hark!] Princess! As changed moons ago, I would  
Have contented, circumstant as thou, at thought  
Of what had so debased me now—what time  
And do not circumstance work woe's change!  
I had a son—my only son—he was  
Cade's certain slave, joy's secret messenger.

The fumes whence diverged each ray of bliss  
That lighted my existence. List whose hand  
Snatched that sole beam and darkened it for ever.  
A new decree whose violation brought  
The penalty of death, the ill-starred boy  
Inconspicuous broke; your father, at my prayer,  
Mock-swearful—his life, not pardon, grants.

Whether ennobled, embowed, or banished, what  
His punishment I knew not, know not now—  
But come, O be the knower how they bore  
The struggling, weeping infant from my sight!  
And, with him, every kindly feeling sacred  
Within this breast, leaving to frantic grief,  
That seeming comforter, Revenge! The wretch  
It was my household tend—was transformed?  
Not Tigress ravished of her young, was more  
Astrait to give her rage—from my own heart  
I knew how well your father loved his son.

And vowed to plunge the dagger in his breast  
With which he recklessly stabbed mine! that I  
Was baffled, I repented, and rather now  
Would smother the fate that waits me than have lived  
More darkly doomed, with memory of this crime.

ZUL. [turning from her.] It was too black—too dreadful—  
thou art safe.  
My brother, but thy danger frets me still.

AYE. [shaking and again fighting.] I scarcely dare  
Explore your courage? yet  
Perfect upon the wrongs that to this deed  
Were leading on!

ZUL. Did me reflect upon  
The deed itself—my father's agony—  
My brother's pain—I have no mercy left!  
No pardon!

AYE. 'T is a fearful thing to die!  
ZUL. Is't not more fearful to deserve to die!

AYE. Had even the noblest of frail mortals his  
Deserts, oh, who would then escape re-buke?  
Gentle Sulaiman, pity my affliction.

ZUL. No more—would you inspire the righteous senses  
Of Justice's command you, peace!

AMU. Entreat you, sister, grant to me this boon:  
Never before have I held you eye  
So stern, your brow knit with such threatening frowns.

ZUL. Who harms my brother never should behold  
It otherwise.

AMU. Yet freely from my heart  
I do forgive her. If you sorrow'd much  
In venting me, then what her agony  
When a her loved son was rudely snatched away!

ZUL. I never did refuse your slightest wish,  
But paid not, brother, now, for this I must  
Not grant, and will not hearken to.

FAT. Gulnara by too hasty judgment. My  
Attestment let me to this supplicant  
Transfer, imploring that you pardon her!

ZUL. Spare me your prayers. When his husband's withstood  
I shall get listen to your voice.

GUL. [indicating.] List, then,  
To mine! She to the dung—on you condemned—  
Incarnated for another's crime—  
Tatani! Your whose eyes anticipated death,  
Resolves you to let her sufferings pass  
As this repentant one, and pardon her.

Remember—Power, when robed in beauty,  
Not strength, was her best substance when display'd  
To pardon penitence, not punish guilt;  
Respects true nobility of majesty!  
And Justice finds her throne of power  
To chasten hearts the meek of goodness wins  
To imitate herself; then, conclude,  
In clemency to this your slave, the way  
Of pitying Heaven's, whose high prerogative  
Most needed, most employed; is 't not to pardon?

AMU. Had I thousand tongues, Zulnara, each  
Should plead with her—and should they plead in vain?

ZUL. [first turning to her, then to the other.]  
Brother! Gulnara! You have conquered! Rise,  
Aysha! and thy future life, not words,

Prohibit thy gratitude. Thou art forgiven.  
AYE. Let me still await, until thy bounty is  
Complete. Give not a life that's valueless,  
Withholding what imparts its worth—my child!  
ZUL. Shall be restored.

AYE. Joy, joy too great to bear!  
My son restored! His blue eyes once again  
The Heaven of my own! His smiling tongue  
Making my glad heart to its native dance!  
Oh, Princess! mink as by this act I am  
Beneath humanity, I shall not prove  
Than useless beams more thankful; and there is  
A Roman tale, that memorates of old  
A hunger'd lion, moved by gratitude,  
Who, recognizing, shrank from offered prey,  
Nor on the well remembered hand that erst  
Did cure his wound, appressed his furnishing.  
That tale is graven on my heart. A life  
I have no tongue to speak—but whose warm flood  
Uplifts my grateful eyes.

ZUL. I need them not:  
Who doeth well, finds in the act itself  
His action's noblest recompense.

AMU. I share  
Your pleasure, dearest sister, and almost  
Had borne the anguish of dread yesterday  
For this sweet hour's ecstasy.

FAT. And I  
Re-echo all your bliss, and only need  
Gulnara's pardon of defaming doubts  
To make complete my own.

AYE. Freely 't is yours  
[aside.] And—while every lip and eye  
Beams in the sunny light of happiness  
Stronger, by contrast, seem the shadows o'er  
Mine own. Hark! while other sorrows filled  
My breast, almost wert thou forgot. Thy gaze  
Away—but leave the creaking thought of thee,  
That cannot part, eternal in their stead.

[Enter KATINKA bearing a scroll.]  
KAT. [speaking as she presents it.] Great Sulaiman reads to  
Zulnara greeting.

ZUL. How pleasure, when he open her hand, yours draws  
Her gift!

AMU. Sister, read quick, what says our sire!  
ZUL. His foot is on his comrade's breast. O—  
Ben Giam Alga guards his form. His brow  
Farewell—victorious he returns.

GUL. Returns!  
ZUL. When may we look for him?  
GUL. [softly.] To-morrow's dawn.

ZUL. [aside.] I do not yet why this fool's "tomorrow's dawn."  
This face more fair, than those by smiles that court  
His highest look made beauteous, that he'er  
Should waste a glance upon the hapless Persian!

AMU. Sister, you smile: what says he more?  
ZUL. Can I  
Read right! [reads aloud.] "Guard your walls, com-  
mon your choice  
Of sweetest warble: swift, new  
The wing'd feet of your lowliest dances: all  
Festivities becoming to his state  
Prepare, to welcome Sulaiman's new bride!"

Hark! this! [reads an apparent note, attended.]  
There is meant to signify in three times!  
Gulnara, with to-morrow's dawn, we have  
To meet the bridegroom Sulaiman. Whom dost think  
Our glad hearts shall so proud Sulaiman deck?

GUL. [groaning, looks round, and her eyes rest on Fatima.]  
ZUL. Guard your Fatima, perchance!  
AYE. Nay, now  
You are in very modesty: mingle  
Thy joys with ours—in Gulnara's gift?

GUL. Gulnara?  
AYE. I! Oh, what a sport of Fate  
Have I become! Spare me your attentions—  
None will I strive to share your mirth, but now  
I am too weak—too weakened by distress—  
Nay but you mean not this.

ZUL. Unguarded words!  
Oft my hand, think you, been so prone to wound?  
Has my father said, while lived this youth  
His worshipped Mexican's son, and my  
Dearest mother's, should on some Zulnara  
His spirit's share, or gay Zulnara rule?  
Yet now he bids me for the spiritual feast  
Prepare. Perish a wild rose, Zulnara, hail,  
The chosen bride! 'T is strange, I own, but true.  
Way look you so dismayed? This is, or should  
The heart of joyful gratulation be.

GUL. Oh! no, no, no, no! Alas! to wed  
The Sultan Sulaiman! to join with him  
This bond forever, with pledged life to new  
Khond faith, and endless love, to work  
The shame of Allah with false oath, when I  
Have neither love to give or faith to vow!  
Rather let faithful Dido, when the voice  
Of supplicant outpour'd hale her in her lord's  
Lamented place a rival throne—I'd light  
Mine own funeral pile—rather would wed  
(Rich in this fond heart's wealth), the poorest wretch,  
That fills the earth to gain his hard-earn'd bread  
Suffer oppression, infamy with him!

Tell, share with him, then, my allegiance sworn  
Amour's, he the Heaven-cursed heir,  
Sultan of the Tolima stream,  
Queen of his heart, and Emperor of the East.

ZUL. This is outward—yes, I blame you not:  
Had I no loved, no constant would I prove:  
What says any father more? [Rings.] Wooden  
words!

"Then know I had determined, ne'er to wed.  
But who shall with his Heav'n's-ruler Khama war?  
List to my tale: Beginning with the dawn

"And now was presented to the Mexican Clergy a thin woman  
in that of Zulnara's name. It was in the hands of the  
Mexican Clergy, and they are not to have profaned  
the name of Zulnara by the suggestion of the woman  
in the name of the woman

The hours of truce, a huntsman, as he seemed,  
On the green borders of the Tigris viewed  
A maiden writhing in a slinger's grasp;  
And motioning back his train did rescue her;  
You that have seen Gulzara wander not  
They met again. He vowed that she should be  
His wife—but tested first her faith to know  
If rather she would live the favored slave  
Of Suliman, or wife of her unknown.  
She passed the ordeal, 't was him self, not state,  
Which she I think yet dreams now of, she loved—  
And shall be as he swore her husband's bride!"

GULZARA! Gulzara! rejoice, the Sultan is—  
GUL. Hated! [Faints—she supports her.]

AMU. Oh! sister, with this sudden joy  
You've killed her—see—

ZUL. Katinka, haste thee, fly!

Summon the palace Hakiim with all speed.

KAT. 'Tis needless trouble Princess, she revives.

FAT. Then give her air, she lacks but breath, new life

This happy news already has bestowed.

AMU. She opens her eyes, Gulzara, speak to us!

GUL. That voice again! Where is he? Hated! art

Thou there? let me but look upon thee ere

I die.

AMU. 'T is Amurath, your Hafid's son,

Of Suliman's, that bids you for his sake

To live!

GUL. Was it no vision then? is he?

And Amurath thou art—is Hafid then—

ZUL. The Sultan Suliman!

AMU. Our father.

GUL. And

I am—

ZUL. His bride!

FAT. and KAT. [embracing her.] Our new Sultana hail!

GUL. Now, may I share your transports, never more

At fate's harsh seeming murmur, for her wheel

Revolving ever, hurks us to its base

To hurry to the summit with more speed.

ZUL. And with this latter evolution bears

Joss pinnacle a goodly throng to-night,

What have I left to wish? my brother back—

[Embracing him]

AMU. Freed by himself: sweet sister when you tell

Our father my mischance, forget not that!

FAT. and KAT. Your joy is ours!

AVE. My lov'd boy once more mine!

GUL. And Hafid, Suliman—hail happy end!

No more Z-deika's brow with frowns shall bend,

Ayeshah's sorrows from the world could fend,

Or we of Amurath bid our drops e'er

To pitying orbs that smiling greet his weal;

Or Fatima's bright eyes, and morals sage,

Content which most our pleasure could engage;

Or mild Katinka, though her station low,

Still hope to share the prizes you bestow.

Our mimic passions o'er, [to the actors] each lip that

grieved

In fabled sorrow, be with smiles entwined.

Three lips now welcome mirth with keener zest

Not mourn their wo [to the audience] if echoed in

your breast.

If, careless still, by our emotions led,

You now will share our griefs in grief's stead,

And grant the boon Gulzara yet must crave

Your pleased approval of—

THE PERMANENT SLAVE!

THE END